

A cover story

As a magazine's cover often makes the decision whether a person is going to read the publication, it is very important for a magazine staff to find just the right cover that will spur readership. *Avalon's* covers, in the beginning, were artwork-oriented. Emphasizing a single piece of artwork, the cover would highlight one artist and provide a listing of the issue's contents.

In the magazine's second year, the covers remained artwork-oriented, yet the table of contents turned into a list of contributors at first, then disappeared from the front page.

With the first issue of Vol. III *Avalon* came a cover that was artwork-focusing yet theme-oriented. A mixture of original artwork and graphically sound theme artwork gave this cover a definite plus over previous covers.

Vol. III, No. II easily had the most-talked-about cover. Without artwork and nearly devoid of text, the cover had two good points: firstly, it was outrageous and got plenty of attention because of the "Where's the cover?" attitude of most of the readers; and secondly,

Vol. IV, No. V
Thursday, April 27, 1989

Avalon is
Missouri Southern's
Monthly Art and Literary Magazine

AVALON

is

Missouri Southern's
Monthly Art and
Literary Magazine

A Missouri College
Newspaper Association
Awarding-Winning
Publication (1988, 1989)

Editor

Mark R. Mulik

Assistant Editors

John L. Ford
Mike L. Mallory

Editorial Assistants

Christopher Andrew Clark
Jimmy L. Sexton

Illustrator

John Morris

Adviser

Chad D. Stebbins

Avalon, as a supplement of The Chart, is published by Missouri Southern State College's communications department. It serves as a laboratory experience to its staff and a forum for writers, artists, and photographers at Missouri Southern.

Persons wanting to submit material (artwork, photographs, short stories, essays, poetry, and book reviews) may do so by dropping it by The Chart office, Room 117, Hoarman Hall.

Avalon will only publish submissions from students, faculty members, and staff members at Missouri Southern. Also accepted may be submissions from Missouri Southern alumni—on a limited basis.

Artwork and photographs submitted must be ready for publication. Size alterations may be made on such pieces in order to make the material fit within Avalon's pages. Literary material submitted must be in a legible format (typewritten is preferred).

Error-ridden literature submissions may be returned to the author for correction prior to publication. Avalon makes it its policy to correct typographical and grammatical errors within literature submissions.

Avalon claims one-time publication rights to work appearing in its pages.

Volume IV, Number V
April 27, 1989

COVER DESIGN
BY MARK R. MULIK
"A COVER STORY"
BY MARK R. MULIK

BABYLON

Twenty-four! Twenty-four pages is the largest Avalon has ever been! I have wanted to have such a large issue since I began actively working with this publication, as its co-editor, in the fall of 1987.

Many things helped make this double-sized issue possible, and I have several people to thank for its compilation.

Without Judith Fowler, instructor of the art department's printmaking class, I would not have received any of the art prints that appear in this issue. Thanks, Mrs. Fowler. Thanks also must go to the student artists in her class, without whose permission you would not be seeing their works in these pages.

My persistence paid off when it came to gathering photography submissions. I spoke with each of the people who submitted photos (with the exception of one (well, two, if I include myself) before they submitted anything and received many submissions because of it.

Three faculty members have poetry appearing in this issue. I think this may be a first that so many submitted material. It's always been my attempt to attract submissions from faculty members. Thanks to you who have responded—Michael Cummings, Dr. Vernon Peterson, and Dr. Ann Marlowe.

I also must thank John Morris, the staff illustrator, who did the artwork for the short story "A Man and a Saint" at pretty short notice. Your talent is there, John. I'm sure you will be a welcome member of Avalon's staff in the future.



"Self Portrait No. 3 (Atlanta)" Mark R. Mulik

This last issue of Vol. IV of Avalon marks the end of this Mark's involvement with this art and literary magazine—with only slight regret on my part. I have worked on a total of 10 issues of Avalon—that's longer than any other editor or staff member of the publication. Having served as co-editor for the five issues of Vol. III and as editor for the five issues of Vol. IV, I have enjoyed the time I spent with Avalon (as I have said many times before and will probably keep on saying).

When we had the scare in March of this year with the funding crunch, I feared for the future of Avalon, but the future is obvious now. How could a dead magazine publish a double-sized issue? This huge issue is an end-of-the-volume send-off, and, by no means, is it an end-of-publication send-off. (We already tried that, with the March issue.)

The future of this publication is certain: John Ford, my assistant editor and colleague, shall take over as Avalon's editor after I graduate this May. In John's hands I leave the publication with which I have worked so hard—and, with which he has worked hard. John's main goal, I believe, will be to try to put out issues of at least the quality of those I have done.

Good luck, John. I look forward to seeing the first issue of Vol. V of Avalon.

One last thing, John. There is one thing I would like for you to get off your chest, too (see *Ramble On*, page 24)—that tie-dyed shirt you insist on wearing twice a week. Isn't it time that thing went in the trash?

Mark R. Mulik

CONTRIBUTORS

Photography

Mark Ancell
Nick Coble
Mary Hanewinkel
Mark R. Mulik
Carine Peterson
Scott Rutherford

Short Fiction

Daniel R. Baker

Poetry

Michael Cummings
Mike L. Mallory
Ann M. Marlowe
Dr. Vernon L. Peterson
Dorothy Speck
Curtis Steere
Beth Stevenson

Book Reviews

John L. Ford
Jimmy L. Sexton

Artwork

Michele Bohnstedt
Kelly Renee Cochran
Jeff Degginger
Tonya Freund
John Gillett
Jackie Johnson
Cynthia Keeton
Jorge Leyva
Tracey Lynn
John Morris
Diane Prewitt
C. Joan Shaw
Charles Stephens

"A COVER STORY," CONTINUED

as it was basically blank, people didn't have to worry about ink rubbing off on their hands as they read the issue.

The 1988 issues of Vol. III remained theme-oriented, basically emphasizing the name of the magazine, rather than any particular piece of artwork.

Vol. IV, No. 1 of the magazine saw the continuation of theme-oriented covers, with the "reverse image" cover of the first issue of the volume.

With one of the most difficult covers to construct, Vol. IV, No. II saw an advanced reverse-image design and also saw the return of a list of contributors to

the cover.

Artwork made its return in December 1988 with the "recipe" cover—a fun idea and a joking look at the making of an issue of *Avalon*. The "graffiti" cover of Vol. IV, No. IV brought out the staff's temptations of filling the cover with crude graffiti and vague insults, but we didn't think we would impress many people with such a cover.

We figured we couldn't go wrong with this issue's cover, as it has all of the elements of previous covers. This cover also gives you the opportunity to choose which previous cover you liked the most.

A House Divided

Why can't I become whole?
 I feel a vicious mole
 on humanity. Why
 does my soul start to cry
 when my heart is happy?
 I'm a tree gone sappy—
 only a shell outside,
 mushy bile inside.
 The two aren't connected.
 They're equally rejected
 by society's norm.
 I only end up torn
 with frustration. Fairy
 tales are monsters merry
 that play with innocents,
 even intelligence
 cannot dispel their hold,
 sad endings leave us cold.
 Yet sad is all I know
 as pain levels its blow
 at my soul with loyal
 obsession. Umbriel,
 go away, anodyne
 is what I need, for time
 shall steel make me, while
 my soul's liquid bile
 will be trapped— clapped tight.
 No soothing breeze of night
 or shining rays of light
 or whirling birds of flight
 or greenness of the earth
 or miracles of birth
 will touch my soul again.
 I'll only see the rain
 that will fill my inner bubble
 with waters of trouble
 until the stream rises
 and crystalizes
 into black dynamite.
 I will have lost the fight
 to reconcile
 myself and my dark mate
 by then, so I'll create
 an explosion so great
 that man shall ever know
 who delivered the blow.
 They will not question why
 their laughter had to die
 for they will recognize,
 at last, my pain, my cries
 and how it feels to be,
 in this society
 all alone— locked inside
 with a wasteland tide.


Beth Stevenson



"Rueben's Sea" Jorge Leyva

A Man and a Saint

Short fiction by Daniel R. Baker



Francis had never felt more exhilarated in his life. The change was incredible. A month ago, he had been a page in a cold, cheerless, countryside castle. Now he was supporting Christendom against the infidel in Jerusalem! And few other squires had such a master to support. Sir Geoffry was a knight whose like Francis had never before known. A master of sword and lance, a superb horseman, a strong and charismatic leader, Geoffry was all of Francis' dreams of knighthood, incarnate. Francis was certain that he was the luckiest boy in the world.

The knights, with their entourage, had been riding all day. It was with considerable relief that they stopped and pitched camp. They were well within Saracen territory, and not very far from Jerusalem. Francis spent a considerable amount of time with the other squires pitching tents for the knights. As night spread over the Palestinian sky, the troops' priest delivered a stirring sermon about their mission in the Holy Land.

Francis walked away from the oration with the Father's closing words ringing in his ears: "It is the duty of civilized Christians to rescue the souls of these heathens, and to recover the Holy City, and though honest knights die in the process, remember: the fear of God must always be above the fear of death."

Francis went to bed shortly after that.

ILLUSTRATION BY
JOHN MORRIS

feeling uneasy. What the priest had said was undeniably true; his words expressed everything everyone had ever taught him about the duty of the people of Christendom, but something sounded vaguely amiss...

Francis was awoken the next morning by Sir Geoffry calling for him. He jumped into his clothes and rushed to answer his master. Geoffry was near a supply wagon carrying the caged sporting hawks which many of the knights had brought with them.

"Fanchon has escaped her cage," said Geoffry. "You would do well to get her back."

"Yes sir!" said Francis quickly. He sprinted off, not bothering to ask which way the hawk had gone; hawks always flew with the wind, and a breeze was blowing from the north.

Francis moved slowly on his search for the missing bird. Hawks flew swiftly, and he was unused to walking on the desert sand. The sun was climbing, and it was very hot. It never occurred to him to bring water with him; in England there had always been plenty. He only concentrated on scanning the sky for the hawk. He was relieved when he spotted the large bird, and he whirled the lure into the air. Fanchon promptly dove toward it and alighted on Francis' fist. Francis was quite relieved. On some occasions he had had to walk eight miles to retrieve a stray hawk, but this time he had gone only about three. But when the breeze died, Francis realized that fetching a hawk in this land could be dangerous. As he looked around, seeing only dunes in all directions, Francis had no idea where the camp lay.

Walking under the merciless desert sun was rapidly draining Francis' strength—he knew that he had almost no chance of finding his way back. There was neither shelter nor landmark. He prayed silently, but the prayer offered no comfort. Slowly he became delirious. Before long he was hallucinating, seeing himself riding with Sir Geoffry toward Jerusalem; but somehow they seemed not to be getting any closer. He was completely unaware of the hawk, and neither heard her squawk of protest as he toppled, nor did he feel the fall, nor did he see the distant figure approaching him.

Fanchon, perched on Francis' back, was the only watcher as the distant figure took on shape until becoming recognizable as a young Saracen, in turban and robe, leading a small horse.

The Saracen knelt next to the fallen squire and turned him over. Francis moaned as the movement began to restore him to consciousness. The Saracen took a skin canteen from the horse's saddle and poured water into Francis' mouth and, unavoidably, on his face also. The shock of

the water hitting Francis' burning face jolted the squire into consciousness. He shook his head groggily, opened his eyes, and saw the figure bending over him. The first thing he knew was that he was being cared for, with sweet, cool water. He would not die in the desert without a soul to help him. Then his vision cleared and he saw the sun-browned skin and the turban. He started wildly. This was the enemy! The heathen who had stolen Jerusalem! But, as more water poured into his mouth, he knew that this was no enemy. He could not hate this Saracen. This was not a harsh monster, the infidel savage the priest had spoken of.

The next day, as Francis trudged toward the camp of the Crusaders with Fanchon on his fist, he had an irrational impulse to pinch himself to make sure that the last half-day had not been a dream. Jemail had been—a paradox. Francis had never known much about the Saracens—just that they were uncivilized, harsh desert-dwellers, who slept with whichever women they liked, and in fact imagined that in heaven they would be served and waited upon by harlots. But the Saracen he met flew in the face of everything he had learned. Jemail knew almost as much of Europe's ways as Francis himself did, and was a knowledgeable scholar in areas Francis had never heard of before, or heard of only dimly (Jemail occasionally made reference to legendary men of the past such as Pythagoras and Ptolemy, and to people Francis had ever heard of, such as Aristotle and Plato). Furthermore, the young Saracen was the paragon of courtesy and hospitality. He had learned French, which Francis also knew, and spoke it with almost no accent, although he often made errors of idiom. Francis was amazed that he could have learned so many false things about the heathens. Yes, Jemail was a heathen; for all his virtues, he did pray to that strange god of Islam. But, despite the seeming impossibility of doing so, Francis knew he was leaving Jemail's little camp with a new friend.

"How could I have left anyone lying in the sand to die of thirst, just because he was a Christian?" said Jemail when Francis asked him why he had sheltered a Crusader. "Only a savage would have done such a thing." Francis agreed, wondering how the priest had been so badly misled. Despite their denial of Christianity, the Saracens were not savage or uncivilized. A brief flash of guilt passed through his mind as he wondered if he would have extended the same hospitality to a dying Saracen as Jemail had to him. These thoughts disturbed him as he walked into camp.

The first man he saw was Sir Geoffry, who met him with more relief than anger. "Francis! What have you been doing? Spying on Jerusalem?" Sir Geoffry laughed.

"We thought you were dead! It would have been a shame to die in the desert without an honest clashing of swords with the enemy." The big knight paused to look the boy over. "What's this?" he said. "You even managed to bring my hawk back. Good, trustworthy squire!" Francis beamed. He had thought himself quite a fool for getting lost out in the desert, but Sir Geoffry obviously thought otherwise. This sort of praise thoroughly reaffirmed his gladness to be squire for such a knight. "Sir Geoffry," called a voice. "Sir Geoffry! Hurry up, you mustn't miss the battle plans."

"Come along, Francis," said Sir Geoffry. "You wouldn't want to miss the plans either, now would you?" Francis could have leaped. He walked along, his feelings of exhilaration quite returned.

Francis ducked an arrow and shoved another lance at Sir Geoffry, trying to keep well behind the armored knights fighting the Saracen warriors. Francis was learning more about the Saracens—they were good tacticians and brave fighters. But not good or brave enough; Francis was glad to be here in the thick of events of bravery and genius that would shine in the history of chivalry for all time.

The Crusaders had converged on the Palestinian town from the left and right forward sides. A stream of fleeing Saracens had begun to escape from the rear. Geoffry shouted a command and rode off with a detachment of soldiers to deal with the escapees. Francis jumped onto the nearest vacated horse (its owner no longer needed it) and followed Geoffry at a gallop. As they came closer, Francis could see it was a false alarm, for the fleeing Palestinians were non-combatants: women, children, and unarmed men. But, as he wheeled the horse to ride back to the fray, he realized that the rest of the detachment was still going. He dismounted and ran to Geoffry just as the detachment collided with the refugees. Francis caught up with them just as Sir Geoffry, with expert aim, drove his lance through the body of a young straggler. Francis forced his aching legs to run to the Saracen, but the Saracen was already dead. Francis turned the body over and stared into the blank face of Jemail, whose eyes stared up at nothingness.

Bewilderment, rage, and despair all settled on Francis simultaneously as he looked at the lifeless body. Somehow, the honesty and fairness he had seen in Sir Geoffry had disintegrated into ashes. In incoherent anger and pain, he stalked away from the frenzied slaying, neither knowing where he was going nor caring. All he thought or felt was the wanton murder of his friend, and the bitter knowledge that the beautiful flower of chivalry, although it appeared wholesome, smelled only of blood and fanaticism.

DREAMS OUT OF KNOWHERE

A Lyric Adventure
By Mike L. Mallory
Written in the year 1979

Dreams Out Of Knowhere

Winds from the horizon
Dreams
Out of knowhere
Eyes that see through the schemes
Looking for a new tomorrow
Hands that crawl
feeling out a path to the back
of the mind
lost in a dream
In a place that was
All too easy to find

Scenery from the horizon
Birds
flying up-side down without wings
faces on rock formations
Discoloration
in a black-and-white dream

These dreams out of knowhere
names of faces
never seen
changing
like the season
Exchanging
Thoughts
Without a reason

Islands
In a sea of emptiness
Clouds in a silver dish
The band is playing
Out of time
Dreams out of knowhere
Songs without rhyme

There Are Dreams

Look out the window
See the spiral staircase
that extends
Toward the moon
There are dreams
There are dreams
There are dreams in this room
Reach out
The door leads to another world
There's more to life than
Rock and Roll
But it all seems to be such a bore

There are dreams
Dreams in this universe
There are dreams
Dreams of your own
Dreams are taking control

Look out the window
See the light
as it shines
on us all
There are dreams
There are dreams
There are dreams in this universe
There are dreams of your own
Dreams are taking control

Child of The Sunrise

Sweet Child of the Sunrise
A world of beauty exists
within your eyes
From here to the daylight
I shall never bear
The high winds sigh

Sweet Child of the Sunrise
Seven swans swimming
As you shower the lake
A sound like thunder
Island becalmed

Eternal beauty is awake

Land of My Dreams

A day in music
And poetry
An excursion
without a destiny
At the dawn of the day

Minutes like hours
In the sand
By the sea
Some enchanted moments
Seem to last
forever and ever...

I can't wait another minute
I've got to set myself free
I've got to get away
to the land of my dreams

Kings without power
in a land that is free
Wine by the barrels
Apples by the tree
long-legged queens
riding white horses
flying through the air

Kings without power
in a land that is free
Naked princesses
calling from towers
In the land of my dreams

Lying in the fields
Mountains surrounded by you
The land of my dreams
A dream that could never come true

In Far Away Cities

Metal mountains
in concrete canyons
The glaring eyes
of the raven
Empty fountains
in empty stations
Everyone has abandoned

In far away cities
there are no scars...

There will be no more
screaming
In this city from afar
Can you salvage the guitar?
All the ships have melted
can you salvage the guitar?

In far away cities
There is band
There is a guitar in every band
In far away cities
There are no scars
the cuts run deeper
Than the stars
In far away cities
There is a band...

There will be no more
dreaming
In this city from afar
Can you salvage the guitar?
All the ships have melted
Can you salvage the guitar?

DREAMS OUT OF KNOWHERE

When I'm With You

You deserve the best of everything
Diamond rings, white wine
Your beauty makes the birds sing
Whenever you walk by

Your presence can
light up the darkest of nights
Turn a starless sky
into an Ocean so bright
When I'm with you
I feel like I'm next to the moon

When You're in a forest
the trees are shaded by you
When you're in an ocean
you keep the water cool
When I'm with you
I feel like I'm next to the moon

When you're with me
My face is cracked from smiling
I feel like I'm next to the moon
When I'm with you

Laughing is Just a Hobby [reprise of a dream]

In the land of Honey and Milk
all the clothes are made of silk
laughing is just a hobby
No more castles to be built

In the hours of the journey
She runs like a poet
Through my dreams
She smells of laughter
In search of disaster
In search of her own dream

Thoughts come easily
no one can be bought
with such money
In the land of Milk and Honey

In the land of Honey and Milk
All the clothes are made of silk
laughing is just a hobby
No more castles to be built

Take Me Away [To The Land of My Dreams]

When I wonder, I wonder far away
I wander into the sun
Brighter than the day
And when the stars fall down
When I break my crown
When I can't be found
I need a lovely lady
I need a special lady
To take me away

Come on and take me
Won't you take me away
Take me away
To the land of my dreams

And in another day
In another place
On some far away shore
I need your love
I need your face
Even more than before
Won't you
wake me up and say
Take me away

Come on and take me
Won't you take me away
Take me away
To the land of my dreams

And when you hear the sound
Won't you come around
You're the love I found
I need you everyday
To take me away



"Hills of Home" John Gillett

Finish the Band

High on the breeze
With you on my mind
Sitting on the beach
Feeding you wine

It's wonderful
So grand
Let's finish the wine
Let's finish the band

Admiring the view
In the darkness of the night
Looking for you
Holding you tight

It's wonderful
So grand
Let's finish the wine
Let's finish the band

It's wonderful
So grand
Let's finish the wine
Let's finish the band

White

"¡Qué cosa más blanca!"

—Gutiérrez-Nájera

—to Diane

The cottonwoods in Moscow
labored hard before the Sabbath
and shed their airy seeds
casting everywhere a spell. They fell
like moonbeams on a necklace,
and they danced like sunlight on a stream,
as they whirled, as they flew
like Seraphim
over Russia where no one knew
that the lofty trees of Moscow came
from a very distant plain
in America.

Russian men watched the hoary seeds in flight
but saw parachutes alight
and hosts of young-recruits in arctic-combat suits
white above, white beneath, only white;
Saw the enemy in shredded gear
blanched by hunger, cold, and fear
surrendering in rotted boots,
raising slow and weak salutes,
waving linen rags, where earlier proud flags
greeted a bright, but now forgotten time;
Saw Russian names, like their own;
Saw lists and ledgers tossed or blown
across the white Ukraine
into the blind and blinding whiteness of the day.

Women watched the seeds in slow descent
and saw bouquets and gala evenings spent
at festive balls;
Saw cascading waterfalls that rimmed
aristocratic, sun-laced arbors; Saw fair promenades
where first promises are made
in the blossom-scented summertime
when love poems fly
upon the genial wind, radiant with rhyme;
Saw genteel ladies upon the malls,
with ivory-colored gloves, and white silk parasols;
Saw their own innocence again, their youthful passion
in its sheer array; Saw themselves alone with *him*
when evening too was purest white
upon their fulgent path
along the Milky Way.

The children, who ran free
from downy tree to tree
to touch or catch the furry seeds,
saw dazzling spider webs
and quartz stones, strung like flashing pearl beads,
or satin hats for dolls, canes turned up-side-down,
miniscule umbrellas, and the undulating manes
of Palomino stallions.
And where the fluffy seeds burst open
chalky white, they saw exotic fans
and Chinese kites, or the rippling mirage
of far-off Arab tents aligned
along the sandy steeps in desert caravans.

A young girl alone, walking in the park
saw falling snow, swirling flakes, fleece white,
spinning in pirouettes, a miniature ballerina show;
Saw frost crystals, clustered and enamored
blowing like adventurous skiffs aglow,
icy, clear bursts of light at daybreak,
virginal and bare, and the quick
chaotic movements of a clown mid-air,
a troupe of handsome gymnasts
tumbling around in myriad invasions on Red Square;
Saw the shining seeds as glittering piano keys
that jumped like puppets to her time;
Saw the rare, white, mythic pheasants
in glazed porcelain upon the royal frieze
of her family's oriental chimes.

A poet stopped, and peering at the sky,
saw the lace collar of his lover's blouse, delicate and high,
and the soft splendor of her face,
and heard her pleasing sigh;
Saw his lovely Khrushaka,
her body, soft and warm,
waiting for his turbulent embrace.
His eye, still upon the seeds
saw another thousand fantasies:
glowing gowns, sable cloaks, crescent hoods;
Saw glittering fairies who breathless stood,
like frightened slowaways that ride the firmament.
And on waves of thinnest air, the niveous seeds
like fragile vessels fell for hours
and crowned the bawdy pinnacles
of Saint Basil's Turkish Towers.

The Red people watched in awe,
the fearsome Soviets, great and small,
as the holy seeds in cyclic gestures fell,
played variations on the theme, to tell
the fortunes of the future.
Above, beneath, around, the seeds
began to swell and scatterd white,
white against the afternoon,
white against the night.
Pushing at the dark, they swirled
around the helmets of the guards,
touched the cannons and the tanks
caressed the gun barrels, blurred the cross hairs
on each sight, and under street lamps
kissed the glistening bayonets, sharp and bright,
like gentle snow, the sweep of flying seeds
six days came down
and lay like prisms on the ground, whose secret
the Russian children have all seen
and, with their hands and tiny fingers drawn
by senses, pure, regaled and keen,
they run and frolic with the doves of dawn.

Dr. Vernon L. Peterson

Freedom

Across plains
 and
 beneath the sky
 buffalos roam
 and
 eagles fly.

Trusting Nature their sacred home
 Not knowing how or asking why.

Through the valleys
 and
 above the trees
 hunger thinks
 and
 food will please.

Complacency lingers it rests within
 Guiding spirits forever at ease.

Once upon a time
 and
 far, far, away
 life abounds
 and
 there is no grey.

Freedom granted innate but lost
 Shining light on cloudy days.

Michael Cummings



Nick Coble



Mary Hanewinkel



Mark Ancell



Mary Hanewinkel



"Gulf Treasures" C. Joan Shaw



Kelly Renee Cochran



John Gillett

The Beak

There he sits, the Kingfisher,
Perched up high above the pond.
Stately, proud, serene, cocksure,
Vigilant o'er shallows, tree, and field beyond.

Mine! is the essence of his pose
My pond! My fish! My sky of blue!
Noble—but for that long nose,
Cyrano de Bergerac incarnate in a bird, it's true!

Ludicrous is the only word—
For such a beak as his
Constitutes a visage quite absurd.
Oblivious to all, he cocks his head of frizz

Comical his countenance assuredly must be,
Profiling that long snout of his against the light blue sky
Confident his spirit, though, impeccable and free—
Proud to be just as he is—he holds his head up high.

Dorothy Speck

Stone

Standing on a street corner,
very much alone.
Everyone passing by,
turning ■ stone
Just a part of the scenery,
no one sees the tears fall.
Hard, cold, unyielding
■ stone in life's wall.

Beth Stevenson

Medio

Liberal Moderation
somewhere in between
not quite broad or narrow
within the two extremes
no need to hurry
no need to wait
never too early
almost too late
not too fast
never too slow
never regressing
forever ■ grow

Curtis Steere

Monolithic Society

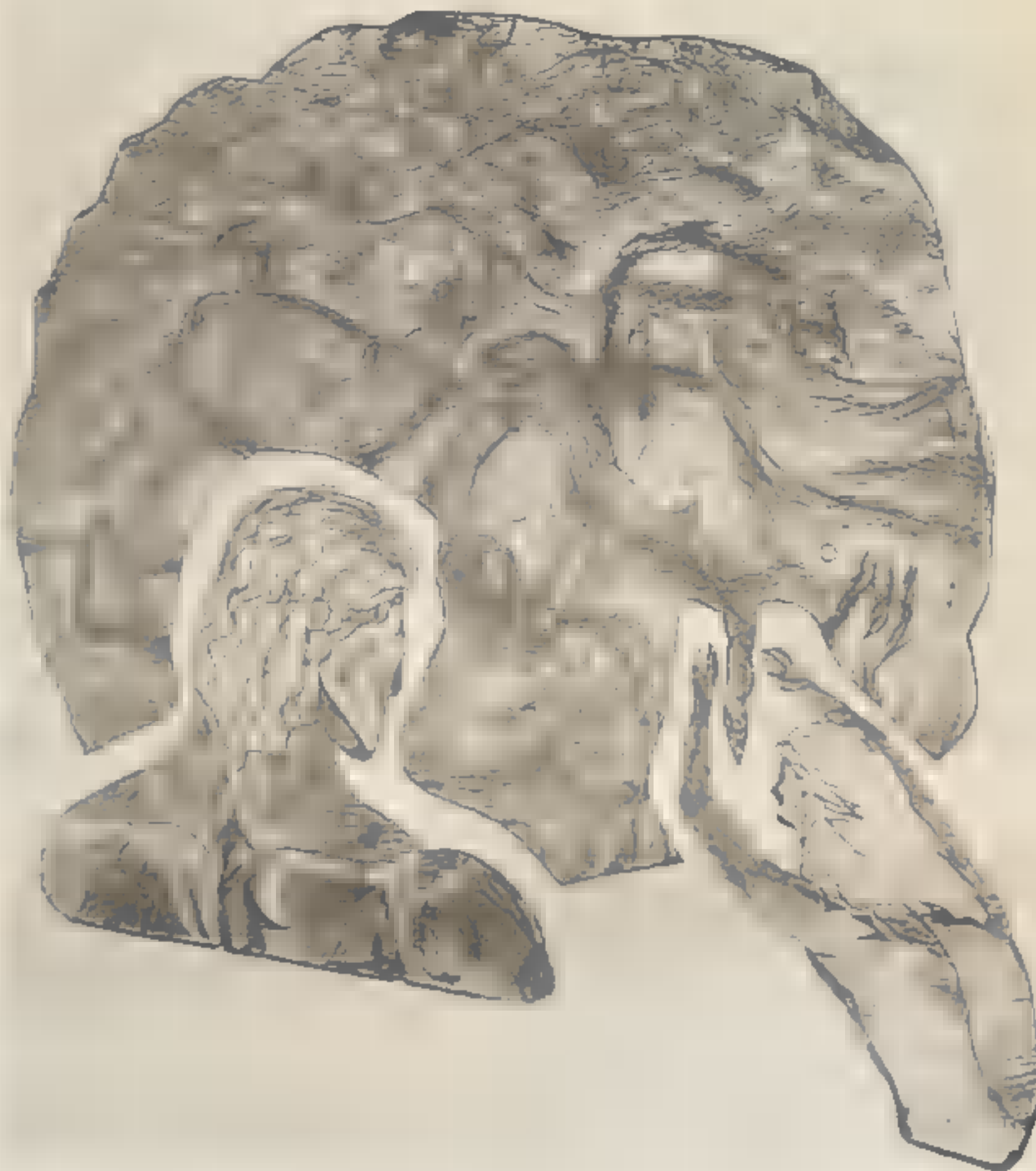
The ants crawl in
the ants crawl out
the ants carry 50 times
their weight ■ their mouth
They cannot whistle while they work
as they ceaselessly tread the earth
digging tunnels
building hills
When do they play or sleep?
What thoughts do they keep?

Do they scream
as they crunch under my shoe?
The others scatter
knowing what to do
They wait as I wait

They finally come back
■ clean up their dead
The pallbearers line up
and push with their head
until the dead ant
is safely home
Do they eat it
use it as kindling?
Do they cry
or sing the song of death?

Life trambles on
as more ants come marching out of the hill

Beth Stevenson



"Well of Souls" Jeff Degginger



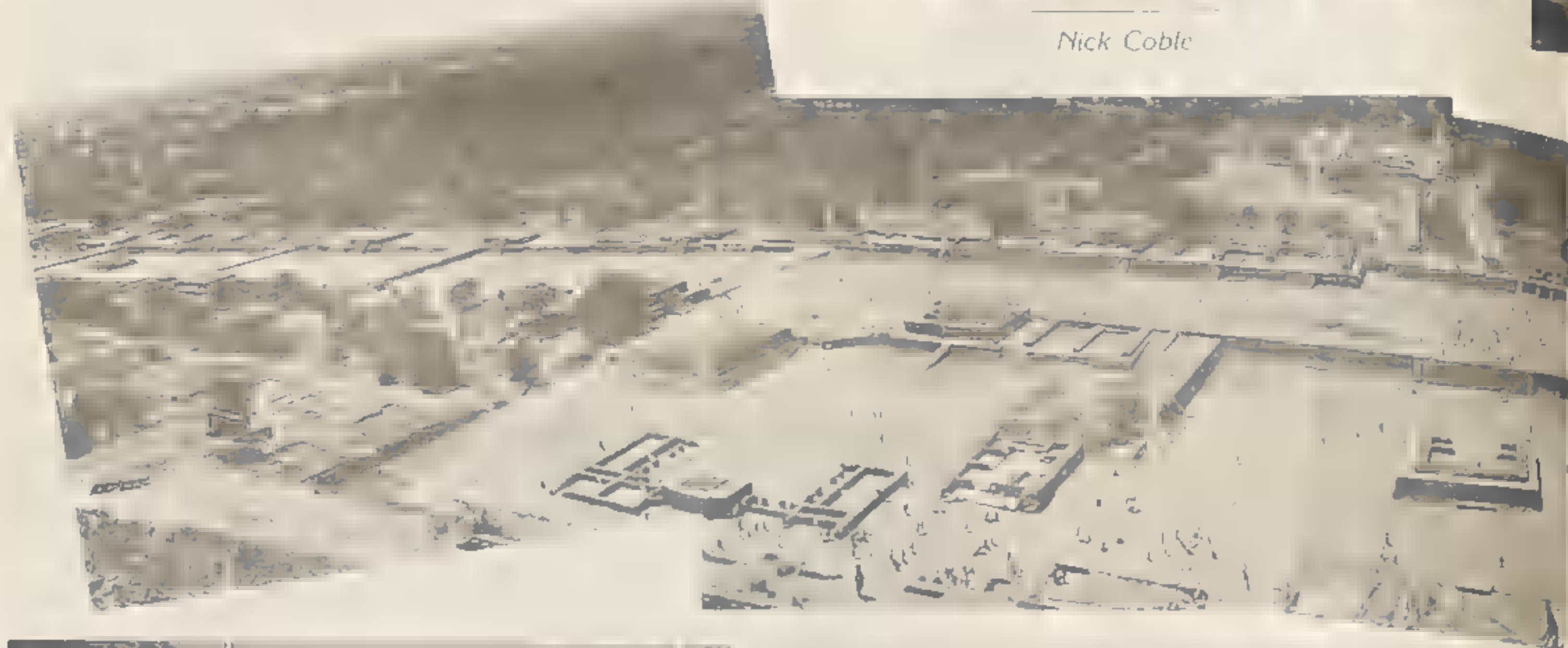
"Beginnings" Diane Prewitt



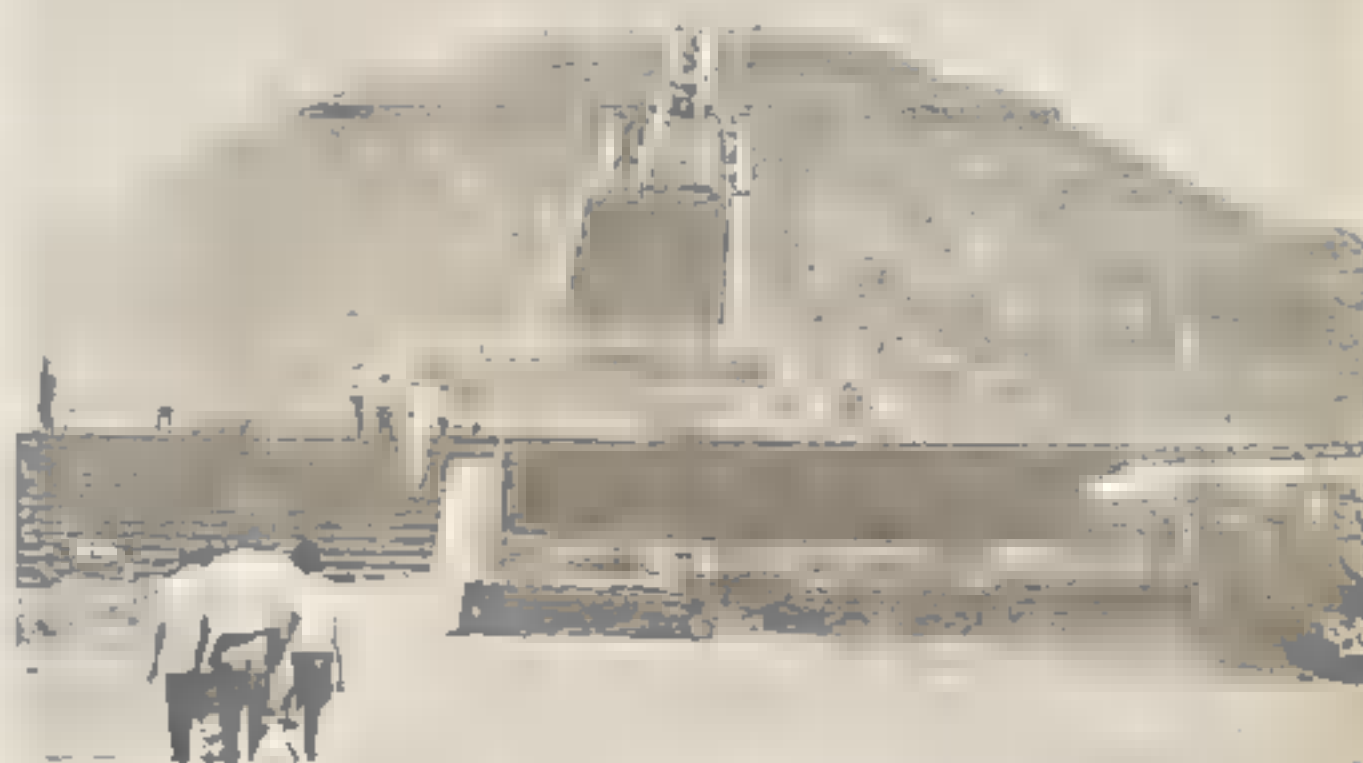
Mary Hanewinkel



Nick Coble



Mary Hanewinkel



Scott Rutherford



Nick Coble



Nick Coble



Scott Rutherford

The Gallery



Mary Hanewinkel



Mark Ancell



Carine Peterson



Nick Coble



Nick Coble



"Early Morning Mist" Mark Ancell



Nick Coble

Untitled

I must be getting old
 hours pass like minutes
 not noticed till they're gone
 time goes by,
 and so do I
 ...OH Well

Curtis Steere



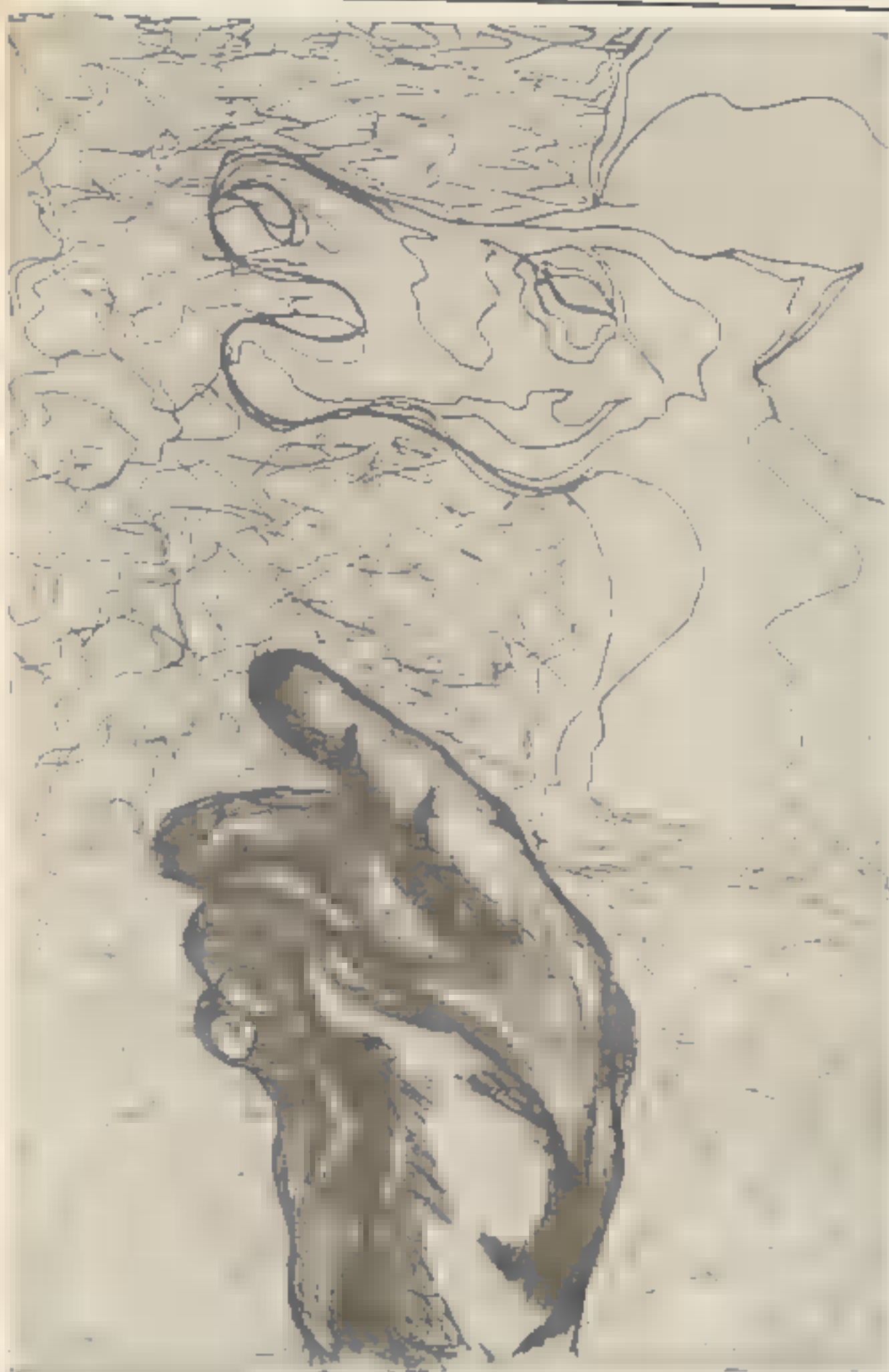
"Innecircle" Tonya Freund

HAZEL

She had Hazel Eyes
 and she never criticized
 She said, "Live forever"
 She never had a doubt
 about the hidden treasure
 and what it amounts to
 She's no longer living
 We're all wide awake...

Mike L. Mallory

Charles Stephens



"Misty Wild" Jeff Degginger



"Pullies" Jackie Johnson



"Africana" Jorge Leyva

Untitled

Ideology

always remains

Belief in the system

■ what pertains

Society forgotten

but always remembered

If once contradicted

is but once more resurrected

Michael Cummings

Untitled

Human Machinery,
Flesh and bone parts,
doing such finery,
for inhumane hearts.

Curtis Steere



"Pride of a Nation II" Kelly Renee Cochran

EARLY

I stay awake
so late at night.
I consider it my fate.
It seems to me,
I just can't sleep,
Until it seems too late.
(Too late to be early)
(Too early to be late)

Curtis Steere

The Face of the Pond...

sparkles as
breeze-blown
sun-kisses
glitter like
twinkle-stars
advancing
singly—
then suddenly surging
as an army
streaming ahead.
Star-patterns
explode
into sudden swells
of intense
ripple-racings
toward shore.
The advancing
artillery
silently sprays
dazzling
star-lights
alive in day

Ann M. Marlowe

Pace Race

I found I kind of write like
I talk.
It's no wonder that I eat like
I walk For I've been
hypnotized and systemized
Until I finally realized
that the mesmerized once synchronized,
become the utmost utilized
Then I'll take into account my pace
as I realize I must go
from place to place
Trying not to worry
yet I've ■ feeling surely
I'll still be in a hurry
just ■ case
As the minutes turn to lines
upon my face

Curtis Steere

Wonder

Time is only a fraction of the universe
time is only the tick of the clock;

We struggle and strive for immortal knowledge
we only can have faith for uncertain events.

It is true that all is what will ever be
it is true that all can be changed;

We know that knowledge is abstract
we yearn for knowledge concrete.

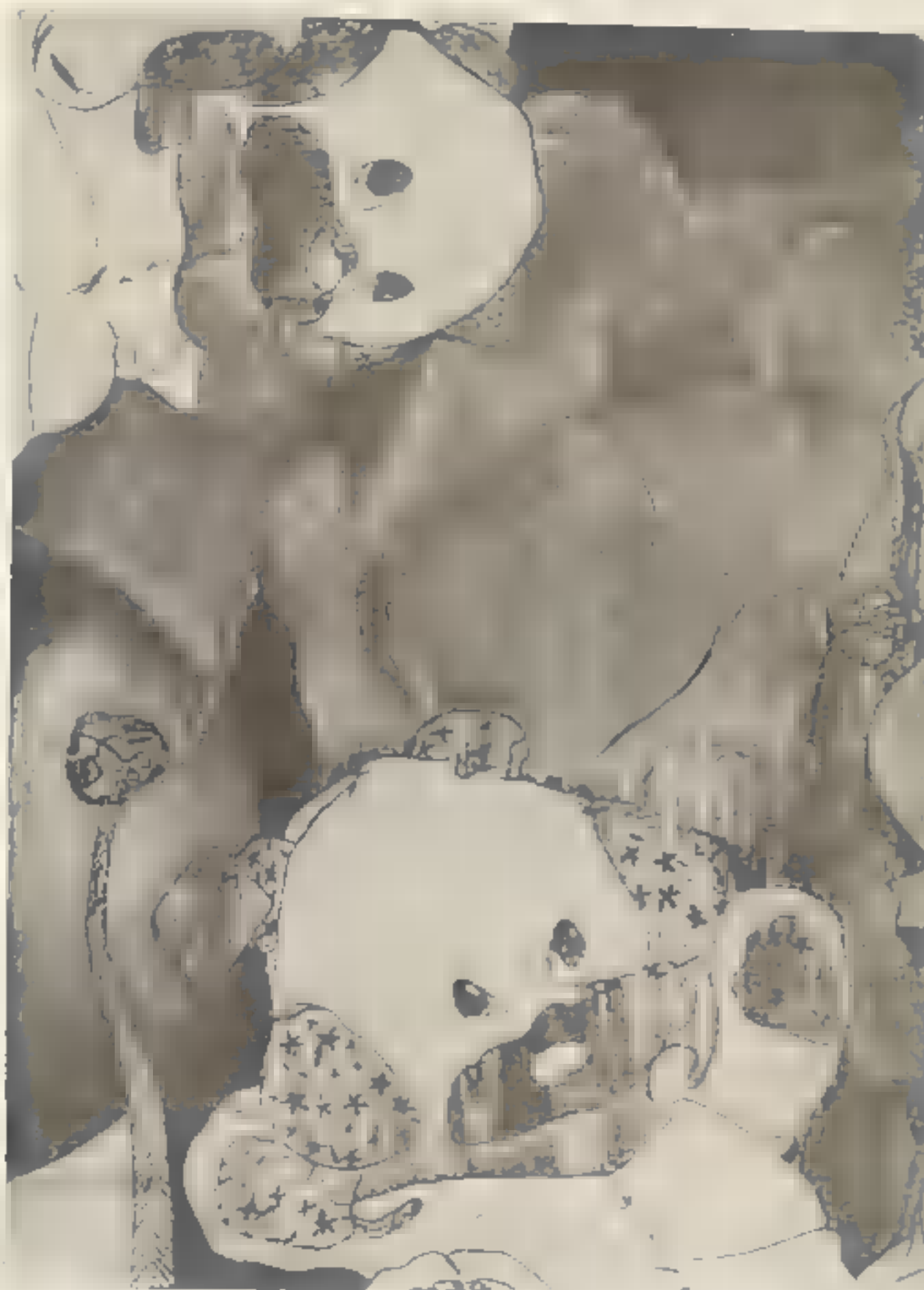
Space is in the senses
space is though incomplete;

For we cannot know what is
for we cannot compete.

Hope is the only answer
hope we should not befall;

There may be only one Truth
there is only one call.

Michael Cummings



Tracey Lynn



"Still Free" C. Joan Shaw



Charles Stephens



John Morris



John Morris



John Morris



John Morris



"Happy Valentine's Day" Cynthia Keeton



Charles Stephens



"De La Mer" Tonya Freund

Time is Money?

Time and money
each in turn
If you've got time to spare
then you've got money to burn

Though with time
unlike money
(whose properties lend)
the less you save
the more you spend

Curtis Steere

"Bunny Bop Boo!"

Bunny dig bop
and bunny dig boo—
bippity-boo
bippity—boo—bop!

Bumping his feets
and boinging his feets
in bingity, bangity
bop bop hop!

Oh, bunny dig hop
and bunny dig boo
flippity—bippity—boo
bop—hop!

Bumping and boinging
and bending his ears
in flippity flop
bippity—bop—fashion!

Bunny dig bop
and bunny dig boo—
flouncing his tail
in flippity flop
bippity bop—flair!

Oh, bippity boo
and flippity too,
digging bunny—bop—boinging!

Bunny dig bing
and bunny dig bang—
bippity bop boing—boo—boo
Oh, Bunny!

Ann M. Marlowe



"The Attic" Michele Bohnstedt

BOOK REVIEWS

BY JIMMY L. SEXTON
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

A Prayer for Owen Meany (Morrow, March 1989), 544 pages, currently available only in hardback, \$19.95, by John Irving.

With an opening line that reads: "I am doomed to remember a boy with a wrecked voice," *A Prayer for Owen Meany* is a must-read for any reader who is unsure or shaky about his or her religious beliefs.

For the author, John Irving, *Prayer* is a simple, heart-touching novel that goes beyond the boundaries of his six previous books, including *The World According to Garp*, *The Hotel New Hampshire*, and *The Cider House Rules*.

Nestled in Gravesend, New Hampshire, in 1953, *Prayer* evolves around the life of John Wheelwright (also the book's narrator) and his best friend, Owen Meany. Meany is an unusually small, thin, mousy-looking kid who is so different-looking that he's adored by women. In what seems like an endless series of events and flashbacks, Meany hits Wheelwright's mother in the head with a baseball and kills her. After that tragic turning



point in their lives, the two boys undergo an extreme religious ordeal.

Irving goes to painstaking ends to convey the raspy, dying-like sound of Owen Meany's voice. To accurately reproduce this sound to the reader's conscience, IRVING WRITES EVERYTHING MEANY SAYS IN CAPITAL LETTERS, as if to show expression or magnitude. However, after awhile it becomes bothersome, because it always seems like Meany is shouting (which he often does).

Books that are written in the first person are often successful. Such is the case with *Prayer*, which is currently third on the *New York Times* bestseller list. Though priced at \$19.95 and extending to 544 pages, *Prayer* is nevertheless a delightful novel, full of surprises and boyish euphemisms.

The book reads without a glitch. Not only does Irving present the text in a straightforward and concise manner, he also manages to make the reader feel like Wheelwright does—to become Wheelwright, if you will.

Many people contest that books written in the first person are cop-outs, but this is not so with Irving. He portrays a story with such vision and imagination that if you closed the book, you'd be in Gravesend with the boys.

Newsweek has been quoted saying, "It will do no good to complain that this grossly long book lacks charm precisely because it works so hard to be sweet. Irving's fans, like hippopotami, will enjoy the wallow." In response to *Newsweek's* unfavorable review: Irving's novel does not try to be

sweet, charming, nice, or pleasant. It is all of these things because it just is, not because it *tries* to be. How could anyone not love two pre-teen age boys growing up playing baseball and attending church with a religious uncertainty hovering above their heads?

Ah, that religious thing again. Well, let's discuss that. Meany is secure and devout in his religion (which will remain unmentioned), while Wheelwright is not. Wheelwright's just not as fanatic about religion as Meany is, and that worries him. He's not sure whether he should be devout, or just attend church because his father wants him to and it because is the thing to do. In other words, Wheelwright is lost, or disconnected, in the outside world. His grandmother pumps him full of her one-sided "wisdom," while his mother is there (until her untimely death) to support him in his decisions.

For those who enjoy warm and deliciously entertaining books, read *A Prayer for Owen Meany*. Irving is certainly one of America's foremost storytellers, and this proves to be his greatest work yet. What is especially interesting about Irving is that he always tackles difficult issues. From a portrayal of vibrant women, to abortion, to religion, Irving continues to climb the ladder of success by effectively conquering troublesome issues.

Irving says he is an "old-fashioned" writer who writes novels for entertainment, not to intellectually reach people. Well, this is an old-fashioned *Prayer* which should be answered by a long run on the *Times'* bestseller list.

BY JOHN L. FORD
ASSISTANT EDITOR

The Drawing of the Three (Plume, March 1989), 401 pages, in paperback, \$12.95, by Stephen King.

Superlatives aren't enough to describe the horrific majesty with which Stephen King plies the trade of writing—majesty which can be seen in the second of his *Dark Tower* book, *The Drawing of the Three*.

In this novel, we have the continuing adventures of the Gunslinger, Roland. Roland lives in a dimension different from our own, and is constantly striving to reach the Dark Tower, where he shall kill a man named Walter, the infamous "man in black," who is responsible for the death of Roland's friend Jake. To get closer to the tower, Roland must go through a series of three doors: "The Prisoner," "The Lady of Shadows," and "The Pusher."

To gain entrance to the doors and to pass into the third dimension from his own, Roland must



"possess" the bodies of three people, enabling him to function in the third dimension. The first of these inductees is Eddie Dean, a 23-year-old cocaine addict who lives in our time. Roland makes his presence known to Eddie while the addict sleeps, and helps him to smuggle the drugs, defeat "contacts" (who have just murdered Eddie's brother), and finally kick his addiction.

We next meet Oddetta Holmes/Detta Walker, the "Lady of Shadows." Oddetta/Detta is one woman with two personalities. Oddetta is a civil rights activist, while Detta is a kleptomaniac. Detta is as coarse as Oddetta is cultured, but the two seem to be dependent upon one another. The personalities live in 1964 New York; and it is in a Macy's department store where Detta is snatched, screaming like a banshee. The personalities inhabit a crippled body, for when Detta was small she was pushed beneath the wheels of a subway, severing both legs at the knees. Oddetta and Eddie fall in love, although a clear age (and time) difference exists between the two.

Finally, we meet "the Pusher," a filthy crud who derives pleasure from murdering people by pushing them in front of moving objects, and by dropping bricks from high windows onto pedestrians below. Jack Mort, the pusher, was almost killed Jake in our world, and he was responsible for the incident with Detta and an incident with Oddetta, when a brick was dropped on her head while she

was a child. Mort had planned to push a boy into oncoming traffic one day while he was walking to school, but his efforts were foiled by the Gunslinger, who entered Mort's mind. The possession nearly drives Mort to insanity, and the Gunslinger uses him as a type of encyclopedia—an information bank—for getting around in early 1960s New York.

The Gunslinger, through Mort's body, obtains supplies needed to get to the tower, including ammunition for his old, western-style .45s and Keflex, an antibiotic. Roland needs the Keflex thanks to wounds inflicted by a beast that exists in his world, a beast King deems a "lobstrosity." The lobstrosities are enormous beasts, similar to, but larger than, lobsters.

Phil Hale's full-color illustrations are so—I just hate to say it, but—so illustrative. Hale has captured the most moving and graphic parts of the novel in great, horrific detail. Perhaps my favorite illustration is of a shoot-out scene where Eddie sees the head of his decapitated brother roll from a card table. True horror in every sense of the word.

As Hale has captured the spirit of this effort with his brush, so King has created yet another masterpiece with his pen and fertile imagination. King has once again proven that he can write a thoroughly complex, yet truly enjoyable novel. This effort is recommended reading for any fan of Stephen King, as well as anyone who wants to be one of his fans.

RAMBLE ON

There is one thing I would like to get off my chest: Avalon is NOT dead. Nor is it upon its deathbed. This is a very healthy, 24-page edition—a new, improved Avalon.

Now that the fact that Avalon is alive has been established, I can get on to bigger things. I've been made editor of Avalon for the 1989-90 year. As I accept the mantle of responsibility for this publication next year, I ponder changes in it. These changes include varying some of the typefaces and maybe a new-look Avalon. One thing I would love to see is some color photographs, but four-color process work is very expensive.

Basically, I hope that next year I can continue the tradition of Avalon and strive for quality design, quality art, and truth, justice, and the American way. Just the type of outstanding work Mark R. Mulik (He sounds so distinguished with that middle initial, don't you think?) has done in the past two years.

I do hope to achieve that mystical balance of prose, poetry, fiction, essays, book reviews, photography, and artwork. This issue, for instance, seems to be in the favor of artwork and photog-

raphy, with poetry closing in fast. But, the book reviews are making some progress, for their numbers have increased from one to two.

Some of you may wonder why I'm assistant editor and heir apparent to the throne of Avalon. Perhaps, it is because I have worked with this publication since last year, lending what little talent I have to it, and basically doing what needed to be done. Perhaps, it is because, like some of you, I am a novice poet, writer, and artist. Extremely novice. Or, perhaps (and I think this is the case), no one else wanted the headache—er, labor of love.

As far as my term as editor will go, I don't know how long I'll be here. I hope it'll be for some time, if I can stay away from an obscenity charge or something like that. Mark says that after five years of college, I'll probably be here several more years, and that I'm going for a record. Perhaps, but I hope to prove him wrong.

Basically, with running this magazine, I'll do what Mark did. If you submit it, I'll try to run it. Plain and simple. I hope I can make it look as good as the master of the Compugraphic typesetter has done.

I, as many people involved with this publication, will miss "the tall one," "the Mummy," "the Mule" as we have affectionately dubbed him. But time marches on, as I ramble on—which brings

me to the title of my column, *Ramble On*. I took the liberty in choosing the title, and I chose the title of an old Led Zeppelin song as the one for my column—not because I love the song but because it rhymed with Avalon and Babylon. Or maybe I chose it because I tend to do a lot of rambling on, and on and.... Maybe I should have called my column "The Battle of Evermore" because the name "Avalon" is mentioned in that Zeppelin song.

Finally, I would like to think the following people for their contributions to Avalon with this horrible doggerel:

*To Mark Mulik for all you've done,
teaching me what does and does not run.
To Mike Mallory for gobs of poetry,
and help in layout and design so wonderfully.
To all our contributors and those who've helped,
you mean more than the world's wealth.
So, I say it proud, and I let it ring,
That Avalon is just my thing!*

Like I said, it's horrible, but thanks to all just the same. And I'll see you next year.

John L. Ford



"At One And Beyond" C. Joan Shaw